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Review of New Books.

The History of Christ's Hospital, from the Foundation by King Edward the Sixth. To which are added, Memoirs of Eminent Men educated there; and a List of the Governors. [By John Iliff Wilson.] 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1821.

We are very far from agreeing with Mr. Wilson, that there is little information to be offered on the subject he has undertaken; and should feel surprised, indeed, if one of the most extensive charities, and a public school which has existed for upwards of two centuries and-a-half, did not afford abundant materials for the historian and the biographer. Even Mr. Wilson's memoir, brief as it is, affords sufficient evidence that the field is sufficiently ample for literary industry. It is, however, a subject of regret, that the author should have undertaken the work at a period when the various duties of the gentlemen connected with the establishment precluded any of them from affording him the least assistance. The records of the hospital are authorities which must contain much information, and we are sorry that any circumstance should have prevented their being brought in aid of a publication, the object of which is to represent the establishment and every person connected with it, in a point of view that could have no other tendency than to do them honour.

In the forty-fifth number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a brief but connected history of Christ's Hospital; and, therefore, in reviewing the present work, we shall avoid, as much as possible, the ground on which we have already trodden. Mr. Wilson sets out with a well-written and interesting memoir of the illustrious founder of the hospital, the boy King, Edward the Sixth. Then follows the history of the foundation, copied verbatim from Stowe. It is remarkable, that the King lived but two days after he had signed the charter of this corporation, and that, on thus concluding

this great work, which has handed down his name to posterity as a prince of the most benevolent disposition, he exclaimed, ‘Lord! I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name.’

The virtues displayed by this young prince could not fail of exciting the admiration of his subjects; neither is it to be supposed that the utility of the foundation just mentioned could be lost upon them. Indeed, it appears that the citizens of London were so animated by the truly royal benefactions of the King, that in the short space of six months, the old monastery was rendered capable of accommodating three hundred and forty boys; and by the end of the year the number was increased to three hundred and eighty. From that time to the present the hospital has continued increasing, both in size and importance; and the three hundred and fifty have been multiplied to the almost incredible number of eleven hundred and fifty?

In the description of the different apartments of the Hospital, there is an extract from the will of James Amand, Esq. dated Aug. 9, which is curious on account of the anxiety it expresses relative to a portrait, which is preserved in the counting-house:—

‘I give the original picture of my grandfather to Christ's Hospital, upon condition that the treasurer thereof give a receipt to my executors, and a promise never to alienate the said picture; and, as often as a change of treasurers takes place, every new treasurer shall send a written receipt and promise of the same effect to the Vice Chancellor of Oxford. Item, I give all the rest of my money and property of every description, (after the payment of my debts, legacies, and funeral, and whatever expense attends the execution of this will,) to Christ's Hospital. And my will is, that whatever of my effects the governors of the hospital shall consider as being of no benefit to the hospital, they, the governors, shall sell all such, (except the picture aforesaid,) to the best advantage, and the money arising from the sale shall go, together with all the money I may leave in specie, or in my banker's hands undisposed of, to purchase 3 per cent. bank annuities, which annuities, together with the securities for money which I leave behind

me, shall be made one separate stock, *never to be diminished* by the hospital, unless my executors require the aid of a part of the said stock in consequence of an unforeseen expense attending this my will. My further will is, that the interest arising from such property, (*as long as the hospital shall preserve the aforesaid picture,*) shall be applied either to increase the number of blue-coat children, or for the better assisting such of the children as may be put out apprentices by the said hospital. I further desire that the aforesaid picture shall be kept in the Treasury of the said hospital, and that it annually be produced at the first general court held after the first of January in every year, and such part of my will, relative to that hospital, shall be then and there publicly read. I also desire that the picture shall be shown *once annually* to whomsoever the Vice Chancellor of Oxford shall send to demand a sight thereof; but in case the sight be refused to the Vice Chancellor or his deputy, then I direct that all my bequests given to Christ's Hospital shall immediately cease. And I hereby give and devise the same, from that time, to the University of Oxford, to the intent that the University may buy freehold lands of inheritance, and the rent arising therefrom to be applied as follows: In the first place, the chief Bodleian Librarian shall receive of it as much as will augment his salary to 120l. annually, provided he be a bachelor. Secondly, the sub-librarian, if a bachelor, shall have his salary augmented to 70l. per annum, which augmentation of salary shall continue only as long as they remain bachelors, and shall not be paid again if they marry, until other librarians who may be bachelors are substituted in their room. What remains after paying them, I desire may be applied to the purchase of manuscripts and good printed editions of classic authors, such as may be worthy a place in the library. In this manner I desire such money may be disposed of, as (if either librarian is married) would contribute to the augmentation of his salary were he not married.’—One of the executors was the Rev. Dr. Stukeley, the eminent antiquary.

‘An erroneous opinion has been entertained, that this picture is the portrait of the Pretender, and which probably may have arisen from the circumstance of one of the ancestors of Mr. St. Amand having married Asceline, the daughter of Robert D'Aubignay, of the House of

Stuart, an English baron in the reign of Henry the Third.'

In this Hospital there are twelve wards or large rooms, for the children, besides the infirmary, or sick-ward, and each of these wards accommodates from fifty to seventy boys:—

The whole establishment will accommodate 1156 children, including 80 girls, who are provided for without any expense to their parents or friends, and furnished with every thing necessary to forward their education.

In 1809 there were 1065 children upon the foundation, of whom 65 were girls.

Of the 1000 boys,—

161	were presented by companies, parishes, &c.
498	were sons of freemen.
239	sons of non-freemen.
102	sons of clergymen, who had, exclusive of the boys in the hospital,
1000	578 other children.

The parents of 871 boys had, exclusive of those in the hospital, 3606 other children; and twenty-seven boys had neither brother or sister.

Out of the 973 boys, there were—

Orphans.....	57
Sons of widows.....	210
Motherless boys.....	93

360'

It appears that the gross income of the hospital, in 1814, was 44,725l., and in 1815, 43,386l. The expenditure for the same years was, 1814, 41,061l. and in 1815, 40,420l. The ceremony of performing the funeral rites of those who die in the hospital, is very interesting:—

A procession is formed in the square of the Infirmary, consisting of the beadle, the steward, the whole of the boys belonging to the same ward as the deceased, the choir-boys, the minister, (one of the classical masters,) and clerk; then the corpse, followed by his own relations and friends as mourners. As soon as the boys enter the cloisters, they begin singing the Burial Anthem, which they continue all round, and until they reach the burial-ground, when the minister, as in other cases, begins the funeral service. The cloisters upon these occasions are cleared of all but those who assist in the mournful ceremony, which adds greatly to the solemnity; indeed, it is hardly possible to describe the effect when the procession is proceeding round those reverberating remains of the old priory, dismal at all times when cleared of those who give life to the scene, but doubly so upon these occasions. The echo of the Burial Anthem at this time has an effect which those only who have witnessed the ceremony can form a just idea of.

The biographical part of Mr. Wilson's work, (though avowedly very imperfect,) is the most original, as it

contains memoirs of several living individuals, including the amiable George Dyer, the metaphysical Coleridge, that truly clever writer Charles Lamb, Mr. Surr, Meyer the painter, Leigh Hunt, &c. &c. Among the early 'Blues,' are Campian, Camden, and Joshua Barnes. It is impossible to conceive that a school, which admits nearly one hundred and fifty boys annually, every one having the opportunity of a liberal education, should have produced so few men of genius, (admitting all to be such which we have enumerated.) We doubt not, however, that it has produced five times the number, although there may be some difficulty in tracing them. Our last extract shall be Mr. George Dyer's 'Lines meditated in the Cloisters of Christ's Hospital':—

'Now cease, my song, the plaintive strain;
Now hush'd be Pity's tender sigh;
While Mem'ry wakes her fairy train,
And young Delight sits laughing by:
Return each hour of rosy hue,
In smiles, and pranks, and garlands gay,
Playful of wing as when ye flew,
Ev'ry month then seeming May;
While, as Invention wak'd the mimic
powers,
Genius, still wand'ring wild, sighed for en-
chanted bowers.

'Then, too, in antic vestment drest,
Pastime would lightly lisp along,
Throwing around the ready jest,
Satire and sting, or simple song;
And merry Mischief oft would weave
The wanton trick for little hearts;
Nor Love a tender vot'ry grieve;
Soft were his hands, nor keen his darts;
While Friendship, with a gay enthusiast
glow,
Gave her full half of bliss, and took her share
of woe.

'And, what though round a youthful spring
A lowering storm may sometimes rise;
Hope her soul-soothing strain can sing,
Quickly can brighten up the skies.
How sweetly pass'd my youth's gay prime!
For not untuneful was my tongue:
And, as I tried the classic rhyme,
The critic school-boy prais'd my song:
Nordid mine eye not catch the orient ray,
That promis'd fair to gild Ambition's distant
day.

'Ah! pleasing gloomy cloister-shade,
Still, still this wavering breast inspire!
Here, lost in rapt'rous trance, I stray'd,
Here saw with horror spectres dire!
For, soon as day dark-veil'd its head,
With hollow cheek and haggard eye,
Pale ghosts would flit from yon death-bed,
And stalk with step terrific by!
Till the young heart would freeze with wild
affright,
And store the dismal tale to cheer a winter's
night!

'How like the spirit of the place,
Good Edward's form here seem'd to move!
As lingering still its growth to trace,
With all a Founder's, Guardian's love!

How of his name each syllable
Repeated oft, on youthful ears
Like no unholy charm would dwell,
And mingle fondness with the prayers!
While still the day, made sacred by his
birth,
Brought with the rolling year memorials of his
worth.

'Yet, what avails the school-boy's praise,
Though taking Gratitude's sweet name,
The stately monument to raise
Of royal Edward's lasting fame?
Though never on thy youthful brow
Flaunted the helmet's towering crest,
Thou'g ne'er, as martial Glory led,
The corslet sparkled on thy breast;
Yet, blameless youth, to worth so true as
thine,
Virtue herself might weave her purest virgin
line.

'But, ah! what means the silent tear?
Why e'en 'mid joy my bosom heave!
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave!
—Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor tracing back the CHILD forgot that I am
MAN.'

Although we think Mr. Wilson might have made his work much more valuable, yet we must allow that it is interesting, and we thank him for the first detailed history of one of the most beneficent institutions this truly beneficent country boasts—Christ's Hospital.

A Letter on our Agricultural Distresses, their Causes and Remedies. Addressed to the Lords and Commons. By William Playfair. 8vo. pp. 72. London, 1821.

We should as soon expect to discover the philosopher's stone, the longitude, or the elixir of life, as to find a panacea for the distresses with which this happy country is so unhappily always afflicted. There is not, perhaps, a class in society, of any trade or profession, below actual independence, that does not complain of distresses; and, what is remarkable too, the distresses have scarcely changed their character in the course of two or three centuries.

There is an old proverb, that 'a grumbletonian in the stirrup is a tyrant in the saddle'; in politics we have often found it so, and we much doubt if it is otherwise in any thing else.

But of all grumblers, and of all distressed beings, the agriculturists are the most uneasy; the bounties of Providence seem to be heaped on them in vain. Speak to an English farmer about his harvest, and he is sure to complain: are the crops abundant, he grumbles that the price will be such

as to render abundance of no value; if the harvest has failed, and the price of grain is trebled, still he complains, and remarks, that the price to be sure is good, but then there is no grain to make any thing of. We are very far from thinking that distress—agricultural distress—does not exist, but we are much mistaken if the fault is not with the agriculturalists themselves. Look at the English farmer of thirty or forty years ago, and the one of the present day: there is not the slightest resemblance; they are a distinct class of beings; the former would drive his own team to market, and deliver his grain, dine at a shilling ordinary, and be amply regaled with a pint of ale; his wife or daughters would not disdain to attend to the dairy at home, and once a-week to stand at the market-cross with butter, eggs, or poultry; but go now to a farmer of a hundred acres only, and if he, possessing something of the manners of a former age, condescends to manage his own farm, instead of trusting it to a bailiff, (a plan which leads them frequently to bailiffs who will not trust them,) his daughters, instead of churning butter or making cheese, are abusing a pianoforte, or superintending the making of some new dresses for a country ball. Although, (thank God,) we have not been doomed to read much on the question of agricultural distress, yet we have seen much, and hesitate not to declare it principally owing to the increased expenditure of the English farmer; and we much doubt if the new modes of agriculture have not cost more money than they ever yielded in the increased produce.

In this opinion we are supported by Mr. Playfair, who has devoted more than twenty years' attention to the subject. After refuting the idea, that agricultural distress arises from heavy rent and taxation, he says,—

'During the artificially high prices in the time of the war, when the navy and army and some of the colonies were to be supplied, and immense sums were paid to contractors for all kinds of stores; when small economy was neglected, the farmers got into an expensive mode of cultivation, and the habits and practices that then prevailed are not yet got rid of. They were too indolent and too great men to carry their produce to market; and a set of middle men, or intermediate dealers started up, who took from them all their trouble of selling, and with it a considerable part of their profit.'

'I say, my lords and gentlemen, a considerable part, but it was not felt much

then; the cup of abundance run over, and enough was left; besides, as the farmers got good prices, and could borrow money or paper, which served for money, on their stock, they could see justice done to themselves. The case is now widely different; for, in the first place, they cannot afford to spare any part of the price to those middle men, and, what is still worse, whilst they have been improvident, the dealers, who are in principle like a set of Jews, have become rich, and they keep the farmers, who are in want of money, altogether in their power, so that they grind them down, at the same time that they keep up the price to the consumers. More than the rent is lost in this way, and it is chiefly from stopping this practice that the agriculturist must look for relief, at least in the first instance.'

'The agriculturists have brought the misfortune on themselves, by not acting wisely when prices were high; they behaved then as if, instead of the retrograde direction which it was clear prices must some day take, and have taken, they were to continue constantly to increase, and they out-bid each other in renting of land, and paid no attention to economy in any way whatever.'

'When the wheat that grew on one acre was manufactured into bread, and cost the consumers 45l., the farmers were still keeping back their stock from the market, with a hope to get higher prices, and the dealers in flour assisted them in their unfeeling enterprise; but when the tide turned, and the current set in another direction, the farmers were in haste to sell, and the dealers, in order to make them reduce their prices, were in no haste to buy, so that the prices have come down more than, from the natural course of things, they ought to have done.'

'The produce of an acre of wheat, which it is fair to reckon at three quarters and-a-half, at 53s. (the present price) is still above 9l., but the price of the loaves amounts to 16l. 13s. 3d. only 3l. 8s. 3d. of which goes to the baker, so that the matter is thus:—

	£ s. d.
'For the wheat on an acre...	9 5 6
Baker, for baking.....	3 8 3
	—————
400 loaves at 10d.	16 13 3
	—————

The question is, who gets this? 3 19 6

'Thus, nearly 4l. an acre goes to the intermediate dealers, which is equal to four times the advanced rent and taxes. It will be a large allowance to suppose 1l. 1s. goes for carriage and other expenses, between the sale of the corn and the purchase of the flour, so that 2l. 18s. will still remain to the dealers, which is 10s. a quarter, or more than one-third of the price of the grain!'

The whole of his argument Mr. P. sums up thus sweepingly:—

'1st. I maintain that the credit given

and taken by the bakers and dealers is the great cause of the farmers receiving a low price while the consumers pay a high one.'

'2nd. That the primary cause of all this is, the wealthy consumers taking credit for the necessities of life, which they do to the great detriment of themselves, and the still greater detriment of those who pay in ready money, not having the means to obtain credit.'

'3rd. From those two statements, I am led to propose a means of preventing the credit from being given to consumers, by making debts above a certain sum not recoverable by law, as in the case of minors, and certain accounts at public-houses for liquors; for as the laws in a country like England cannot forbid such transactions, all that can be done is to discourage them.'

'4th. That the assize should again be fixed, and persons appointed to see it put properly in execution*; those persons to take the trouble from the Lord Mayor, but to be under his authority.'

'That the laws against making contracts for forestalling the markets be revised, and monopoly prevented, as in a wealthy country like this, speculations in provisions are the most gainful and certain to rich men, and highly injurious to the public.'

In the Appendix, in addition to several other ingenious tables, the author gives one of the comparative prices of wheat, bread, and flour, from which he draws the following conclusion:—

'When the quarter of wheat is at 53s., which has been the case these several months, the quartern loaf should be at 8*1*/₄d. but it has been with the regular bakers at 10d., and some have charged 10*1*/₂d., while the ready-money bakers have sold it for 8d.'

'It also appears, that a sack of flour should be above one-seventh part cheaper than the quarter of wheat, whereas in reality it is seldom above one-tenth cheaper; and it will be seen in the register at the Secretary of State's Office, (for the home department,) page 505, (numbered with a pen,) that, on the 4th of August, 1804, when wheat was 63s. 4d., the sack of flour was 67s. 11d. !! In short, it will be seen that the price of flour is always higher in proportion to the price of wheat, than it ought to be by this table; and, unfortunately, the price of bread is fixed by the flour, and not the wheat.'

'That this conclusion is positive no one will dispute; but the real truth is, that this table itself was formed from wrong premises, for flour ought to be nearly one-third cheaper than wheat; that

* 'The assize should be fixed from wheat, and not from flour; then the extortion would become impossible. A commission should be named to ascertain the quantity of bread produced from a given quantity of wheat, and from that the assize should be fixed. The commission would be like that for regulating weights and measures.'

is, when wheat is at 63s. 4d. flour ought not to be above 44s. 1d., for a quarter of wheat produces a sack of fine flour, and half a sack of seconds, and our loaf bread is made from those two mixed together. Lord Somerville, who wrote very distinctly on the subject, explains the matter, and shows that the bran and pollard pay for grinding. The flour was then, on the 4th of August, 1804, 23s. 10d. dearer than it ought to have been, that is, rather more than fifty per cent. above the fair price.'

The author of this work has brought together several important facts, well worthy of the consideration of the agricultural committee, the legislature, and the public in general.

Ryan's Worthies of Ireland.

(Concluded from p. 661.)

THE second volume of Mr. Ryan's work is not less interesting than the first; but it appears to us not to be edited with so much care. Better memoirs exist than he has given of some individuals, particularly of the self-taught Cunningham; and some stale anecdotes have been admitted in the lives of others, which we would gladly have dispensed with in a work of so much importance. With these exceptions, we give the work our hearty commendation, and adopt a few of its articles in our present number:—

'Common Cormac, or blind Cormac, is supposed to be the last of the order of the minstrels, called Tale-Tellers, of whom Sir William Temple speaks so fully in his *Essay on Poetry*. He was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindungan, in the County of Mayo, of parents poor and honest, remarkable only for the innocence and simplicity of their lives. Before he had completed his first year, the small-pox deprived him of sight; this circumstance, combined with the indigence of his parents, precluded him from receiving any of the advantages of education. But though he could not read himself, he had the happiness of conversing with those who had read; and although he remained without learning, he yet obtained knowledge. Discovering an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman procured a professor of the harp to instruct him on that instrument, and Cormac received a few lessons, which he practised *con amore*; but his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand—it was unstrung, and stern poverty prevented its repair. But cheered by poetry, the muse of whom he was most enamoured, he listened eagerly to the Irish songs and metrical tales he heard sung and recited round the "crackling faggots that illumined the hearths" of his father and his neighbours. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a Man of Talk or Tale-Teller.

He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies at rural wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country 'squires. He has been often heard to recite some of those *Irish* tales which Macpherson has so artfully interwoven with the texture of the epic poems, which he does Ossian the honour to attribute to him. Endowed with a sweet voice and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody. He did not, like the Tale-teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chant his tales in an uninterrupted even tone: the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken, by cadences introduced with taste at the close of each stanza. In rehearsing any of Ossian's poems, or any composition in verse, it was much in the manner of the cathedral service; but, in singing some of his native airs, he displayed the power of his voice—and on those occasions, his auditors were always enraptured. It is asserted that no singer ever did Carolan's airs or Ossian's celebrated hunting song, more justice than Cormac. But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius. He composed several songs and elegies, which obtained general applause. His muse, tender and affectionate, was awakened by the call of gratitude, and his poetical productions are mostly panegyrical or elegiac. He sometimes indulged in satire, but not often, though endued with a rich vein of that dangerous gift. Cormac lived much respected and beloved by all classes; he was twice married, and had children by each wife; he died about the age of eighty-five.'

Dermody, who has been over-praised for his genius, and whose errors have been treated with too much indulgence, meets with a more impartial biographer in Mr. Ryan, who thus sums up his character:—

'He was one of those unhappy young men, who preferred a life of daring profligacy to the dull and unvariable sameness of virtue; and the time that should have been occupied in the cultivation of his talents, was uselessly spent in their display. He united a depth of poetic intellect, and a great harmony of versification rarely to be met with in the same individual; and could turn with equal facility "from grave to gay, from sullen to serene"; but if we thus praise his excellence in poetry, how shall we extol his classical attainments? Horace and Homer he was alike acquainted with, and could, unabashed, before a large company, read a passage in either; then put the book in his pocket, and give a fine poetic translation of the passage he had just delivered; and likewise, to his credit be it recorded, that before he had attained his fifteenth year, he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek, the Latin, the French, and Italian languages, and knew a little of the Spanish.'

'We have now filled up the sun-light of the picture, and there remains nothing

but the odious task of enumerating the dark and disgusting shades that deformed it. He was an epitome of every variety of vice, and unblushingly avowed it, without even making those excuses that most of her votaries do; such as—"it was against my consent, but I was led into it;—it was unfortunate, but we are all the victims of circumstances:"—excuses, in reality, as frivolous as they are despicable, but which have some weight in the charitable eye of the world. Dermody despised this mental hypocrisy, and setting his arms a-kimbo, laid his hand upon his heart, and said fearlessly, "I am vicious, because I like it."

'Philip Fitzgibbon was a native of Ireland, and ranked high in the mathematical world. He is likewise celebrated for "*a bit of a blunder*" that he once committed, arising from the following circumstance:—

'He was supposed to possess a more accurate and extensive knowledge of the Irish language than any person living; and his latter years were industriously employed in compiling an English and Irish dictionary, which he left completed, with the exception of the letter S, and that he appeared to have totally forgotten.

'The dictionary is contained in about four hundred quarto pages, and it is a remarkable instance of patient and indefatigable perseverance, as every word is written in Roman or Italic characters, to imitate printing. This, with many other curious manuscripts, all in the Irish language, he bequeathed to his friend, the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell.

'During what year he was born is not known, but he died at his lodgings, in Chapel Lane, Kilkenny, in April, 1792.'

'Constantia Grierson.—That the most splendid talents, united with the most intense application, are not confined either to sex or sphere of life, is fully evinced by the subject of the present memoir.

'This prodigy of early learning and acquirements (whose maiden name is nowhere mentioned), was born in the county of Kilkenny, of parents poor and illiterate. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when we are told by Mrs. Pilkington, that she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery, and that then she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mr. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowledge, she modestly replied, that when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.) both in verse and prose *; but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful

* 'The following epigram was written by Mrs. Grierson to the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with

hours, this lady declares that she had ever passed, were in the society and conversation of this "female philosopher." My father, adds she, readily consented to accept of Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings, I have never seen any published, excepting one poem of hers in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects, which might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.

Mrs. Barber likewise gives her testimony to the merit of Constantia, of whom she declares, "that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any; on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellencies, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, 'that great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities.'"

Constantia married a Mr. George Grierson, a printer, in Dublin, for whom Lord Carteret, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent, appointing him printer to the king, in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted.

She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, affords a convincing proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue; and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she wrote a Greek epigram. Dr. Harwood esteems her Tacitus one of the best edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly, that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural ge-

nius and uninterrupted application. As a daughter, a wife, and a friend, her conduct was amiable and exemplary; and, had she been blessed with the advantages of health and longer life, there is every reason to believe, she would have made a more distinguished figure in the learned world than any woman who had preceded her.

Such are all the facts that are left to posterity of this high [ly] gifted female; and we cannot help regretting, that while so many pains are taken to preserve memorials the most minute of individuals whose lives have glided away in a succession of miserable follies, so little has been recorded of a woman, whose mind was a casket richly stored with the gems of ancient and modern learning.'

We shall conclude with a whimsical anecdote of Sir Boyle Roche, who, possessing a very extraordinary memory, had ministerial speeches prepared for him by the late Mr. Edward Cooke, which he used to deliver very correctly:—

There were some occasions where the worthy baronet's eloquence was not previously thought necessary, and of course no speech was prepared for him. But he was an old soldier, and too full of the *esprit de corps*, to look calmly on the conflict without a zeal for taking his share of the battle. He sometimes, there, ventured to volunteer an *extempore* philippic of his own; and then it was that his native genius shone with all its genuine splendour, pure from the *mine*, and unmarred by the technical touches of any treasury artist;—then it was, that all the figures of national rhetoric, to use the phrase of Junius, "danced the hays through his speech in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion."

Upon one occasion of this kind, the worthy baronet was doomed to sit dumb, while he anxiously longed to distinguish himself in the contest. He felt his mind pregnant with ardour to shine forth. He endeavoured to collect his scattered sentiments and combine them into some shape for delivery; but in vain. He retired to the coffee-room to reconnoitre his notions, and endeavour to marshal them into some form for operation, but without effect,—all was "confusion worse confounded." A lucky expedient crossed his fancy, and he was determined to seize the opportunity.

There was a ministerial member in the house, a learned Serjeant Stanley, who was usually in the habit of rising towards the end of a long protracted debate, and about three or four in the morning, amusing the house with an *important* speech of an hour or more, ingeniously compiled from the fragments of other speeches which he had previously heard in the course of the discussion: but, having so often played off this manœuvre, he was a good deal bantered by his senatorial colleagues upon his skill in selection: so

that he at last determined to attempt something original; and had composed a long speech for the purpose, and anxiously waited to catch the speaker's eye, that he might take the earliest opportunity of delivering his oration, adorned as it was with all the flowers of his wit and fancy. This gentleman just stepped into the coffee-room to cast an eye over his composition and refresh his memory. Sir Boyle took a seat near him, and in the course of conversation, as he darted off in a hurry to catch an opportunity for speaking, unfortunately his speech fell from his pocket on the floor. Sir Boyle picked it up, and on reading it over, thought it would admirably suit his own purpose;—"it was just the very thing he wanted." At a second reading, his powerful memory rendered him master of the whole. He returned to his seat in the house, and took the earliest opportunity of delivering the borrowed oration, to the great astonishment of the whole assembly, and to the utter consternation of Mr. Stanley, who sat biting his nails with anguish, at hearing his elaborate performance, which cost him a week to manufacture, and which had vanished he knew not how, delivered by Sir Boyle, and lost to his own fame for ever. The worthy baronet, having finished this oration, amidst the plaudits of his friends, returned to the coffee-room, where he met the mortified composer; and, without waiting for a formal *dénouement*, addressed him cordially with "my dear friend Stanley, here is your speech again; and I thank you kindly for the loan of it. I never was so much at a loss for a speech in all my life; but sure it is not a pin worse for wear, and now you may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please." The discomfiture of Mr. Stanley is easier conceived than described; but the story caught wind, and excited infinite pleasantry at his expense.

On another occasion, an opposition member had appointed a day for a popular motion, on some national subject; and, for nearly a month before, he had been daily moving for official documents, as materials to illustrate his observations. When the night for the discussion arrived, those documents appeared piled upon the table of the house in voluminous array; and the orator, preparatory to his opening speech, moved that they be now read by the clerk, in order the better to prepare the house for more clearly understanding the observations he was about to submit.

This operation would have occupied the clerk, and the silent attention of the members, for at least two hours. The house was extremely full; the whole assembly stared at each other; a rueful buzz murmured from bench to bench; and several members observed, that the reading would occupy the whole night,—while others shrunk silently away, unwilling to abide so formidable a trial of their patience.

Sir Boyle Roche, however, suggested

Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order:—
"Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee;
O! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues in thy breast,
His needless labours with contempt he'd view;
And bid the world not read—but copy you."

a happy expedient for obviating the difficulty, by rising to move that a dozen or two of committee clerks might be called in, and each taking a portion of the documents, all might read together, by which means they might get through the whole in a quarter of an hour.

'This suggestion, offered with profound gravity, was so highly ludicrous, that the house joined in an universal laugh, and the question was actually postponed for the night, to give time for the mover to form a more succinct arrangement for introducing his motion.'

Gordon, a Tale. A Poetical Review of Don Juan. 8vo. pp. 79. London, 1821.

SURELY never poem was subjected to such a fate as Lord Byron's 'Don Juan'; unacknowledged by its publisher, censured by the critics, turned out of reading-rooms, and yet read, admired, and abused by every body. It is not enough that it should have passed the ordeal of every periodical, in the shape of review, magazine, and newspaper; but it must be submitted to a new species of scrutiny—a poetical critique, in the pamphlet before us. Our opinion of the poetical merits and moral or immoral tendency of Don Juan is on record; and it is not, therefore, again to express our admiration of the author's genius or to lament its misapplication, that we have taken up this tale, which is 'partly a burlesque parody on the style of Don Juan; partly a sacrifice of praise offered at the shrine of talent, and partly arguments, proving its immoral tendency.' That the author is one who is by no means insensible to the splendid talents of Lord Byron, appears throughout the whole of his poem; and there is much vigour in the poetical character which he draws of his lordship:—

'As a bright sun Byron conspicuous stands,
And casts his glowing beams on all around;
He sheds a glorious lustre o'er all lands,
He warms the empire of poetic ground;
His vivifying heat o'er all commands,
The fields with verdure instantly are crowned:

His light illuminates, and his heat dispels
Dampness and chills, for neither near him dwells.

'His wondrous talents pass our mean conception:
He seems aware there are no bounds to them:

All his compeers, almost without exception,
He can surpass, and justly may contemn:
There's naught so great but there 'twill find reception;

There's naught so violent but he can stem
Its furious rage; there's nothing so immense
But he can span its vast circumference.

'There's naught so deep but he its depths can sound;

There's naught so lofty but he'll scan its height;
There's naught so distant but 'tis ever found
Within his reach. Creation and a mite
Are one to him. From darkness most profound,
He will bring forth something unknown to light.

There's naught so vile but he can show some beauties:
No one so placed but he'll point out their duties.'

Again, speaking of the poem of Don Juan:—

'O what sweet strains of poetry are here,
Exhibiting decisive proof to all
That none can rival him in his career:
All nature stands attentive to his call,
Towering he soars above our lower sphere,
He hovers in the air, nor fears a fall,
He mounts the skies, and with a voice divine,
As if by Heaven inspired, repeats each line.

'How sweetly does he sing the various qualities
Of Donna Inez, (does he mean his wife?)
Recounting one by one her partialities,
And how she occupied her passing life,
Her dress, demeanor, learning, and formalities,
Her observations, virtues, and belief,
In such expressions, such poetic strains,
The subject was unworthy of such pains.

'How suitable the language to the sense!
And then its purity is quite enchanting:
The o'erwhelming force of his bold eloquence,
So ravishes the soul, that while 'tis planting,
With all the power of its omnipotence,
The ideas in your mind which he is chanting,

Resistance all is gone, you are no longer
What once you were: the strong yields to the stronger.

'O what a genius does this man possess!
What intellect, what judgment, and what skill!

There can remain no doubt of his success,
Let him take up whate'er design he will;
All difficulties he, with cheerfulness,
Can soon surmount, and all his verses fill
With such exalted sense and glowing passion,
As you may feel, but 'tis beyond expression.

'His mind seems formed to tower away above
The ordinary flight of noted men;
He soars beyond our intellectual drove;
He deigns no more to be a citizen
Where others live, but in his own alcove,
Built by his own bright genius, where the ken
Of greatest minds can scarcely penetrate,
He sits exalted, and in regal state.

'From thence our transitory world he views,
And looks unmoved on all that passes here;
Seeming to feel like us, he ne'er bedews
Our cares or sorrows with one falling tear:
Life's bitterest pains, nor even death's adieus,
Can ever with his calmness interfere;
He sits unmoved, and views us weeping, dying;
He neither soothes nor pities, ev'n by sighing.

'His eye is still throughout our nature roaming—

He paints its beauties in the fairest light,
The boiling of the billows, and their foaming,
The revolutions of the day and night,
The beauties of those countries ever blooming,
Filling the soul with joy and sweet delight,
The rising of the sun, and his retiring,
Are so well told the notes seem half inspiring.

'And from his lofty station he perceives
Things all unknown to men of common minds;
His piercing eye at once he boldly heaves
Into yet higher regions, where he finds
Those bold conceptions, he so interweaves
Throughout his work; he casts them on the winds,
The gentle zephyrs waft them down to earth,
We read, and wonder who could give them birth'

Of the influence which powerful talents will have, even when exerted in an unworthy cause, our author speaks justly:—

'His florid pen is dipped, alas! too deep
In vicious sentiments' o'erwhelming ocean;
With rolling rage it crushes in its sweep
Each noble passion and each virtuous notion:

Though Juan is so vicious, it will keep
Its present eminence and great promotion;
So deep in glory has he dipped his pen,
Twill always be preserved and read by men.

'Oh! 'tis immortal, doom'd to live for ever,
To see an endless round of rolling days.
When shall its glories cease? oh! never, never,
While there's a tongue in man to sound its praise;

His brilliant powers united, cannot sever
Duration and his poem, but the blaze
Which he has kindled must for ever burn,
And praise or blame him, at each flamy turn.

'Would that he used his talents for our good!
To raise our race from its degrading fall:
If he man's nature fully understood,
No more would he "besmear his page with gall,"

But o'er our natural frailties he would brood,
Not jeer our terrors, and our hopes miscall,
Not laugh at all religion—our support,
Nor with our pains and deaths make jocund sport.'

We are not, however, certain that Lord Byron may not, sometime hence, write and think differently from what he now does; and do not, like our author, despairing, exclaim,—

'—never will his mighty mind
Yield up its powers to aid our feeble race.'

We have seen a considerable change in his lordship's character, with respect to his friends; and we should not be much surprised to hear of his becoming a moral writer; and that, too, before he reaches the twenty-fourth canto of Don Juan. We have quoted our poetical critic largely on the talents of Lord Byron, and even in praise of the poetical merits of this poem, and we shall conclude with a severe philippic against its immoral tendency:—

'Tis like Arabia's desert burning clime,
Completely free from every thing that's good:

That barren wild appears the true sublime,
A boundless prospect, noble solitude:
No cypress, myrtle, citron, fig, or lime,
Can flourish there; no verdure, spring, or wood;
But the destructive blast, the blue simoom,
Lavish of murder, is its only bloom.

* And there the Arabs, those detested thieves,
Rob every helpless, wandering traveller :
He, who without a loss his way achieves,
Is more than fortunate ;—only transfer
These things to Juan—this as sure bereaves
Of virtue—’tis as sure a sepulchre—
It breathes its burning blast—no good appears;
’Tis certain death to him who perseveres.
* Virtue he makes ridiculous, and vice
Sets forth in lovely garb, a thing of worth ;
Exerting all his powers and artifice
To fill our hearts with vicious baneful
mirth ;—
Our good desires he strives to sacrifice
To evil passions, which have filled the earth
Already with enough of ill, to melt
Ev’n his hard heart, could he for once have felt.
* His poem has no moral life, ’tis dead,
Like Adam’s body ere his spirit came :
’Tis full of moral poison ; where ’tis read
It shakes and totters virtue’s tender frame :
’Tis like a hemlock draught, o’er which is
spread
A decorated covering ; ’tis a flame
Which burns up what is good, and leaves be-
hind
Its useless ashes only in your mind.
* ’Tis like the manchinella, which allures
By beauteous foliage, and enchanting fruit ;
It captivates the senses, and secures
Convenience proper to convey acute
And deadly, subtle poison ; he ensures
A certain death, who, that he may recruit
Exhausted nature, sleeps too near its shade,
He sure expires where his tired limbs are laid.
* ’Tis like a whirlpool, which draws all that
float
Within its vortex, careless of their moans :
Or hidden breakers, where no shoals denote
Their horrid dwellings, but where all the
tones
Of calmly rolling waves invite the boat,
It glides along—heard ye those dying
groans ?
O shun the breakers and the whirlpool’s fury,
Lest to your death it should perchance allure ye
* Licentiousness is his pleroma, where,
Replete with this, unenvied he may dwell :
’Gainst heaven he lifts his hand, devoid of fear,
Like ancient Titians, daring to rebel ;
Don Juan is his strongest weapon here—
Heaven scorns his rage, although he storm
and swell—
His meed on earth for such enormous pains
Is, “ *Byron did it.*”—Is this all he gains ?

We dare say Lord Byron will laugh at this character of his poem, but, although it is somewhat severe, it contains much truth.

—
The Life and Adventures of Guzman D’Alfarache; or, the Spanish Rogue. By J. H. Brady. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1821.

THIS work is a very splendid translation of the adventures of an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. We do not know but that there may be many of our own countrymen who may have run as varied and extensive a career as Guzman; but, with the exception of Bamfylde Moore Carew, none of them have had so entertaining an historian.

The author, in describing the predicaments and adventures of a nefarious character, has accompanied each with moral reflections, in order that they might produce the proper effect,—a dissuasive from evil. We, however, much doubt, that the frequent exhibition or description of scenes of vice, how much soever it may be accompanied by moral reflection, is beneficial to society ; and, notwithstanding the antiquity and popularity of the couplet, we much doubt that, in the present age, vice is considered—

‘ A monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.’

It is on this account that we are never anxious to detail scenes of successful villainy, or to familiarize the public to tales of fraud and robbery ; and, therefore, we shall not follow the hero of this really amusing work through his base but eventful life, but content ourselves with quoting a synopsis of—

‘ *The Laws of Begging.*—As beggars of every nation are distinguished from each other by their different modes of imploring alms ; as the Germans beg by singing, and in troops, the French by their praying, the Flemings by their respectful bowings, the Bohemians by fortune-telling, the Portuguese by their crying, the Italians by long harangues, the English by abusing, and the Spaniards by their haughty growlings : we hereby command them all to observe the following statutes, under pain of our heavy displeasure.

‘ 1. We forbid any lame or wounded beggar, of whatever nation he be, to appear in the quarters frequented by others full of health and vigour, on account of the advantage they will have over the latter. We also ordain, that all such as are in perfect health, form no manner of connexion with blind men, field-preachers, mountebanks, poets, musicians, redeemed captives, nor even with old soldiers that have escaped from a rout, or seamen saved from a shipwreck. For although it is generally allowed, that all these must subsist by imploring charity, their manners of begging being different, it is necessary that each society keep to its own particular rules.

‘ 2. We ordain that beggars have certain taverns assigned them in every country, where shall preside three or four of their ancients with staves in their hands, as emblems of their authority. Which said ancients are hereby empowered to canvass, in the aforesaid taverns, all the affairs of the world, and to give their opinions as freely as they please. At the same time, we permit the other beggars to relate their own heroic exploits, as well as those of their ancestors, and even to illustrate the conversation by boasting of battles they were never in.

‘ 3. We command that every beggar carry a good cudgel in his hand, with a

spike at the end of it, if possible, to be provided against emergencies, lest they repent of their neglect.

‘ 4. That each beggar take especial care never to presume to wear any thing new ; that all his clothes be worn out, torn, or patched ; nothing bringing more scandal on the profession than begging in good clothes. Be it, however, well understood, that if, in the exercise of his professional duties, a beggar chance to obtain some new garment, he is at liberty to deck himself out in it for that day, but no longer. We positively will and command, that he dispose of it the following morning.

‘ 5. To prevent any dispute that may arise between comrades for certain posts, we ordain that the more ancient possessor prevail and take precedence, without regard to persons.

‘ 6. It is permitted that two infirm or sick persons beg in company, if they please, and call each other brothers ; provided they beg by turns and in a different tone, the one beginning where the other leaves off. They are to keep opposite each other on different sides of the street, each singing his own misfortunes ; they may afterwards divide their profits as they please.

‘ 7. It is permitted that a beggar wear an old dish-clout round his head in winter, instead of a bonnet, that while he is protected from the cold, he may at the same time appear an invalid. They are likewise at liberty to walk with crutches, or to have one leg tied up behind them.

‘ 8. Every beggar may have a purse and a pocket, but must receive alms in their hats only.

‘ 9. We command, that no beggar be so indiscreet as to divulge any of the mysteries of our trade, to any but such as belong to our society.

‘ 10. Should any beggar be so fortunate as to discover any new trick in the art of begging, he shall be obliged to communicate the same to the company, which ought to enjoy in common the benefit arising from the genius of any of its members. As a recompense, however, to the inventor, and to stimulate his genius to new discoveries, we decree, that he have an exclusive privilege to make the most of his device for three months, during which time we peremptorily forbid any other belonging to our fraternity from interfering with his practice, under pain of confiscating to his use all the profits that may be derived therefrom.

‘ 11. We exhort the members of this society, freely and faithfully to make known to each other all the houses where they know that either private or public alms are likely to be dispensed ; especially those in which gaming or courting is going forward ; for, in such places, large receipts are certain.

‘ 12. We command, that no beggar presume to keep, or lead about with him, any hunting, setting, or other dogs ; blind men being allowed to be conducted

by a little cur, with a string round its neck. This prohibition is not meant to extend to such of our fraternity as may chance to possess dogs-of-talent. These may be allowed to exhibit their performances as usual, by making their dogs dance or jump through hoops; but they must not presume to take their station at a church-door, where other beggars of the society may be assembled, on account of the great advantage they will have over them.

' 13. We command, that no beggar venture to buy meat or fish in the market on his own account, except in a case of extreme necessity; very ill consequences may arise from so doing.

' 14. We permit all such beggars as have no children of their own, to hire as many as four, to lead about with them into the churches on festivals; they should not be above five years old, and, if possible, should appear to be twins. If a female conduct them, she should never fail to have one always at her breast; and if a man, he must be sure to carry one on his arm, and lead the next by the other hand.

' 15. We command, that those beggars who have any children, instruct them up to the age of six years in the best mode of making collections in churches; that, after having taught them to ask charity for their father and mother, who lie on their beds at home most dangerously ill, they allow them to go alone, though it were better not entirely to lose sight of them. As soon, however, as these children shall have attained their seventh year, we command that they be left to shift for themselves, as being already majors, and that their parents be content to restrict and compel them to return home at stipulated hours.

' 16. Beggars of the old stamp, who consider it a point of honour to walk in the footsteps of their ancestors, who have trained them to the profession of begging, will never allow their children to take any other trade than their own, nor to degrade themselves by entering into the service of any one; and if these children wish to be thought worthy of their parents, they will hold every other condition in abhorrence.

' 17. Although idleness is the principal divinity worshipped by us beggars, we, nevertheless, think proper to prescribe certain hours of rising. Every one should dress and turn out by seven o'clock in winter, and by five in summer, or even sooner, if he feel so disposed; and should be in bed again by the same hour in the evening, except on extraordinary occasions, and according to the directions of the veterans of the society.

' 18. Be forever declared infamous, and banished from our society, all such as shall presume to steal, harbour stolen goods, strip little children, or commit any such villainies.

' 19. As it is our wish that all young persons who embark in our profession be

treated favourably, we will and ordain, that for the future any brother who shall have attained the age of twelve years, shall be only obliged to pass a novitiate of three years instead of five; and we insist, that after the said term of three years, he be considered a graduate in the profession, and as a subject who has duly complied with and fulfilled all the laws of the institution.

' 20. At the same time we require of the said brother, that he make oath never to desert our society, but continue attached to it, and never think of withdrawing himself from our service without our especial leave; promising to pay due submission and obedience to our statutes, under pain of our highest displeasure.'

A Letter, addressed to the Agriculturalists in general, and to the Magistrates and Clergy, on the Subjects of Hiring, Service, and Character; to which are added, printed Forms of Contract between the Master and Servant; also, a Table, shewing what portion of the Poor or other Rates of each County is annually expended in suits of Law, Removals, &c. amounting, in the whole, to the annual average Sum of 327,500l. By a Country Magistrate. Post 4to. 1821.

EVERY publication, which has for its object the removing of the grievances of masters and servants, and of relieving parishioners of rates and other little troublesome affairs, deserves to be widely circulated and generally read. It but too often happens that arbitration is referred to, and litigation ensues between employers and the employed, through the want of legal advice or a conciliating spirit. As our author has been so descriptive in his title page, we have but little opportunity to extend our review of his 'Letter,' which occupies about ten pages of sixty-four. Of his quotations from our judges, with regard to the duties of masters and servants, we make one extract:—

' A character is the only property which many people can call their own; and when untarnished, is the most valuable that any man can possess. I beg to be allowed to give a legal caution, by way of protection to the servant, against the malice of the master: viz. "that if without ground, and purely to defame, a false character is given, it will be a proper ground of action."—*Judge Mansfield.* And let me add, that, though in justice, a master ought not, perhaps, to refuse to give a character to a servant who demands it, "by law he is not bound to give any character at all; although, if he do, he must take care to give a true one."

We are certain that society has suf-

fered great injury by means of *false* certificates of *character*. How many merchants have been ruined by unprincipled clerks; warehouses broken open by supposed confidential warehousemen; and have not householders been murdered in their sleep by the connivance of treacherous servant girls! On the other hand, where integrity is proved, the master or mistress must be, indeed, an ungrateful being who would undervalue those services which are continually devoted to either or both.

Original Communications.

' OURSELVES.'

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.
Yatton under Roseberry Toppin,
12th October.

I'LL tell you what, Mr. Editor, I am not going to be after being trifled with by your criticisms any longer at my expense; do you think I am going to pay postage every week from Roseberry Toppin, merely to see my articles quizzed in your notices to correspondents; had I known you were an Atheist before, I would have had no connexion with you. You will, perhaps, deny you are an Atheist, but I will prove it. Don't you make a mockery of the article 'in the name of God, amen?' now, sir, you would not have done that had you not been an Atheist—but, sir, I would have you to know that whatever your correspondent may be, I am not yet at my last will and testament, and I hope to torment you a good while before you die, unless you make the *amende honorable*, and we may yet be friends, if you are not an Atheist.—I will convince you I am of some consequence, though you cockneys may call me a Yorkshireman; and for all that, I can shew you some famous errors in the text of your paper: I will only take the last few numbers; but, if you wish it, I will send you another article, containing all the mistakes and blunders your correspondents have made, since the first number of the *Literary Chronicle*. I wait your answer, which I trust will be favourable to my design.

I don't like, sir, to see things done by halves. In the number for Sept. 8th, you state the fact of a deaf and dumb boy being presented to Louis XVIII., and who had been employed three years, in making, out of his own head, a fine paste-board palace.—You should have added, in justice to the *municipality* of his most Christian majesty, that the king tapped him on the

shoulder, and expressed, by signs, his royal approbation of the work. You are a democrat or a radical, or you would not have left out such an important circumstance.

I see, by your inquiries, you are anxious to know something about Crossfield, who shot at the king; you may rely on the following anecdote, I had it from the father of a respectable bookseller in your city:—Crossfield served his apprenticeship, I believe, at Masham, in Yorkshire, to an apothecary: he was always a sad dog, that is to say, a merry one; there was, in the place, an old cobbler, who was called Thomas,—his usual oath was, ‘may the devil fetch me if it be not true.’—Thomas was a bachelor, and as he had nothing to be robbed of, never locked his door over night. Crossfield clad himself in a cow’s skin, with a pair of tremendous horns, put two lamp glasses in the place of the eyes, and penetrated easily into Thomas’s room, who was sound asleep; C. had some large pins stuck in a card, and scratched the cobbler’s face, uttering, with a loud voice, ‘Thomas, I’ve come for thee!’—The poor cobbler started from his bed, gave a horrid scream, ran into the street naked, and Crossfield after him; he fell down with fright and swooned, C. threw off his disguise, and others coming up, they picked up the poor cobbler, took him home, and when he came to his senses, he looked wildly round him, and asked if they had not seen the devil; he then related the story with many embellishments, that he had fought with the devil half an hour, and, to be brief, Thomas reformed, and never invoked the devil afterwards.

In your life of Mrs. Inchbald, is a remark that George Colman said he seldom read five act pieces of anonymous authors; this affords me an opportunity of removing much of the odium thrown by disappointed authors on theatrical managers. No author will think, that less than a day ought to be devoted to his often illegible MS. to form a sound judgment upon it. Now, sir, the average number of pieces presented by would-be dramatists, is between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred per annum, or what would take one man four years to decide upon, or four persons constantly employed the whole year!!

Break your printer’s head or your own, I do not care which, for having, (page 574) printed *bras, arm—for brasses, fathoms.*

I perceive you have some doubt

about the infernal cookery of a goose, page 596; I will, therefore, tell you what I saw when I was at Strasburg, in 1816.—You must know Strasburg is famous for *goose liver patties*, and no elegant Parisian dinner is complete without one; they are thus prepared: the feathers are plucked from the breast of a goose, her feet are nailed and tied down to a board, which is placed before a large fire, a pan of milk is set before the goose; as she becomes incommoded by the heat, she is forced to drink; the thirst increases, and she has no other means of calming her agony but by drinking; she is thus tortured until she dies; the whole frame is disordered, and fit for nothing, but the liver is swelled to an enormous size, and of this they make their famous *patties*, which, I confess, I thought a great delicacy, until I knew how they were obtained.

You mention ‘four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pye,’—when the late Mr. Pye was made laureat, his first ode was all about birds and the vocal groves, on which George Selwyn exclaimed,—‘and when the pye was opened the birds began to sing, and was not that a dainty dish to set before the king.’

With all due reverence, permit me to correct two notable mistakes in page 622: you say the plain song (*chaunt*) was so called, as the choir and people sing in unison.—No, sir; the word plain is a corruption of the French word *plein* (full), introduced by a person who did not know its meaning; it is called, therefore, *plain chant* (full song), because the choir and people sing in unison. In the same page I find the following:—

‘Thou unhappy king of no land,
More wretched than the King of Poland.’

Lord, sir, what blunders are here. Louis XVIII. or Monsieur, as he was called in his brother’s life time, did not assume the title of Louis XVIII.; on his brother’s death, 1793, the Dauphin was then alive, and, by law, king; he only assumed the title after the death of the Dauphin, in 1797. Again, did the Venetian address Louis XVIII. in English? he did not understand a word of it, and in no other language will the term of *no land rhyme to Poland*.—This foolish distich, however, intitles its author to the praise of, though he is not witty himself, being the cause of it in others. King John of England was nick-named by Philip of France, *Jean Sans Terre*, *John lack land or no land*. A man of the name

of *Santerre* commanded the troops at the execution of *Louis XVI.* I was in Paris at the time, and dined at a table d’hôte some days after with this man, who was boasting of his preventing *Louis XVI.* from addressing the people. ‘I wonder,’ said one of the party, ‘that you should be such an enemy of kings, who, as I can prove, are descended from one’—‘what, I descended from a tyrant! never!’ ‘Yes, citizen, from a tyrant and a coward; you are descended from the King of England, *Jean Sans Terre*;’ the whole party laughed, save *Santerre*, who said, my friend, the joke is a very good one, but pray do not breathe it beyond the walls of this room, for, in the present state of the public mind, it would be sufficient to send me to the scaffold.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have given you a good article on your ‘Bee,’ and if you don’t insert it, you may get a *hornet’s nest* about you, for I will print it ‘and shame the fools.’

Your devoted humble servant
and ‘Constant reader,’

SOUR CROUT.

PS. I am told the *Quarterly Review* gives one hundred guineas for an article. You shall have mine regularly once a week for ten guineas, which I expect you will jump at.

PROCLAMATION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Since the time of the Stuarts, I do not believe that any sovereign of England has, in addition to his other virtues, assumed that of being able to cure diseases by touching; with that unfortunate family, it appears to have been one of the *prerogatives* of royalty frequently exercised. In a late number, you inserted a *Gazette* notice of Charles the Second on the subject, and I now forward you a proclamation of his father and predecessor, Charles the First, suspending his operations, on account of prevailing sickness, with which he was afraid of coming in contact.

I am, your’s, &c.

Oct. 16, 1821.

L. G.

‘By the King,
A proclamation for suspending the time of healing the disease called the king’s evil, until Easter next.

‘Whereas, the king’s most excellent majesty, by his proclamation, dated the 1st day of July last, did prescribe the times of his healing the disease, called the king’s evil, to be Michaelmas and Easter, or within fourteen days next, before or after those feasts; nevertheless his majesty being now informed, that the sick-

ness increaseth in many parts of the kingdom, and foreseeing the danger that may redound to his sacred person, by the confluence of diseased people at this Michaelmas now approaching, hath thought fit further to suspend all access to his court and presence for healing till Easter next, or fourteen days before or after the same. And doth therefore straitly charge and command all persons whatsoever, hereby to take knowledge of his majesty's royal will and commandment herein; and that none presume, until Easter next, or within fourteen days next before, or next after the said feast, to resort to his majesty's court or presence for healing, under pain of his majesty's high displeasure, and to be further punished as shall be meet; his majesty's said proclamation of the first of July last, or any thing to the contrary therein, notwithstanding; which, nevertheless, in all the other directions and declarations therein expressed, his majesty willeth and commandeth to be duly and strictly observed, under the penalties therein mentioned.

' Given at our Court at Oatlands, the second day of September, the fourteenth year of our reign.

' God save the king.'

ON TAVERNS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

To those who are curious in observing national customs and popular manners, it is amusing to remark what singular changes take place in them in different ages; and what was fashionable in one century, becomes obsolete or vulgar in the succeeding one. This is strikingly exemplified in the case of taverns, formerly so numerous in the cities of London and Westminster. The history of these houses of public resort in this country, may be traced as far back as the time of Henry IV. when the Boar's Head, in East Cheap, was the rendezvous of Prince Henry, and where Falstaff called for his cup of sack, and revelled among his jolly companions. Of little less antiquity is the White Hart, without Bishopsgate, which bore on its front, a few years ago, the date of its erection, in 1480. Among the well-accustomed taverns in the metropolis, of former days, there was none more renowned than the White Rose, (the symbol of the York faction,) in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, which stood near the chapel of our lady, behind the high altar of the abbey church. The gloomy manners of puritanism gave a severe check to these temples of jollity, but the restoration of Charles again revived their popularity. The cavaliers and adherents of the royal party, for joy of that event, were, for a time, in-

cessantly drunk; and from a picture of their manners, in Cowley's comedy of the Cutter of Coleman Street, it may be collected, that taverns were places of much more frequent resort than churches or conventicles. When the frenzy of the times was, however, abated, taverns, especially those in the city, became places for the transaction of almost all descriptions of business. There accounts were settled, conveyances executed; and there attorneys sat, as at inns in the country on market days, to receive their clients. In that space near the Royal Exchange, which is encompassed by Lombard, Gracechurch, part of Bishopsgate, and Threadneedle Streets, the number of taverns exceeded twenty; and on the scite of the Bank there stood no less than four. At the Crown, which was one of them, it was not unusual, in the course of a single morning, to draw a butt of mountain (120 gallons), in gills.

Taverns were formerly, even from the time of Shakespeare to within the last half century, the resort of the great wits of the age. In the time of our immortal bard, the places principally honoured by genius were the Sun and Moon Tavern, in Aldersgate Street; the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar; and the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Here Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and all the worthies of the age, are known to have assembled; and here was held the celebrated club, which, as has been well observed by Mr. Gifford, 'combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since.' The Mermaid Club originated with Sir Walter Raleigh, and among its members were Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Martin, Donne, Cotton, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect.

It was at the Mermaid Tavern that, in the full flow of confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting 'wit combats' took place between Shakespeare and Jonson; and hither, in probable allusion to some of them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander in his letter to Jonson from the country:

'Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have
we seen
Done at the MERMAID? Hard words that have
been

So nimble and so full of flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been
shown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit that might warrant
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools,
more wise.'

With what delight should we have hung over any well authenticated instances of these 'words so nimble and so full of subtle flame;' but, unfortunately, nothing on which we can depend has been handed down to us. Fuller, who from the manner in which he mentions the subject, must have had many of these lively sallies fresh in his recollection, does not give us one of them. In his 'Worthies,' describing the character of the bard of Avon, he says, 'Many were the wit combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'

How much taverns were frequented by the literati in the early part of the last century, the Spectator, the Tatler, and other British essays, bear abundant evidence; and there is little doubt but many of these papers were produced at a tavern, or originated in the 'wit combats' that frequently took place. Although Sir Richard Steele was extravagant in his uxoriousness, yet we have always admired a passage in one of his letters to his wife, written from a tavern, in which he assures her that he will be with her 'within half a bottle of wine.'

The change that has taken place in respect to the company frequenting taverns, is supposed to be owing to the increased expense; but extravagant charges of tavern-keepers, in Queen Anne's time, were not less deserving of complaint then than they are now. The Duke of Ormond, who gave a dinner to a few friends at the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, was charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eight-pence, for four dishes and four, that is, first and second course, without wine or dessert.

To whatever cause we may attribute the circumstance, that taverns are not resorted to by men of genius as formerly, we suspect literature has been the loser; and the wit, humour, and friendship which were frequently engendered in a tavern, is but poorly compensated in the converzations of our modern men of letters. B.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

[In our last number, we noticed a work entitled, 'Views of Society and Manners in America,' which purported to be written by an Englishwoman, but which we proved pretty clearly must have been from the pen of an American. As we considered the state of society in the United States to have been very imperfectly and incorrectly represented in these 'Views,' we turned to a work on the same subject, published about six years ago, by M. Beaujour, a Frenchman, from whom impartiality may be rather expected than either from an Englishman or an American. M. Beaujour resided some time in the United states, and gives the following admirable estimate of the character of the inhabitants, which will be found to differ very essentially from that of an 'Englishwoman.'—ED.]

THE Americans are so new a mixture of such a number of nations, that hitherto they have acquired no public spirit or national character. Their political opinions savour of those common to all the people from whom they are derived; and as the greatest part of them are of English origin, they have brought over with them to America all the elements of discord which agitate their parent country. In each state, they are divided into two grand parties, similar to those of the Whigs and Tories; and what is most to be regretted is, that neither of these parties knows precisely what it wants, or at least does not adopt the means to obtain it.

The Democratic, or Republican party, composed of the most numerous class of the people, ought to seek the frequency of elections, the rotation of the offices, and responsibility in those employed; but the leaders of this party seek only to maintain power in the hands of the multitude, in order to secure it for themselves.

The Aristocratical party, or, as it is there called, the Federalist party, composed of the richest classes of the inhabitants, seeks to concentrate power, and to take it out of the hands of the multitude, in order to render it less dependent, and to give greater strength to

those therewith invested; but in order to concentrate power it would be first necessary to obtain it, and this party disdains its possession.

The Democrats unceasingly cry out against distinctions, at the same time they are seeking after them; and in that country, as well as every where else, they are hypocrites, who agitate and caress the multitude, for the purpose of living at its expense.

The Federalists seek distinctions in riches; and as they cannot find them in any thing that is continually changing hands, they would prefer institutions which would class each rank, and render power unchangeable.

The Democratic party wishes no taxation on lands, because, by fixed and secure imposts, its abettors apprehend giving too much consistency to government. They only seek the variable impost of customs, and care not whether it diminishes, or even fails, as long as a foreign war is likely to take place.

The Federalist party feels the necessity of territorial taxes, in order to render the government independent of external events, and would be pleased with an imposing army and navy. It would also wish that the people, tranquil within, should carry their inquietude without; and it unceasingly presents to them, as a prey, sometimes Canada and then Mexico.

The Democrats appear most attached to France, and the Federalists to England; but the truth is, they neither love one nor the other, and are entirely absorbed in themselves and their party. The error of the Federalists is in appearing attached to a foreign government, which, from being composed of elements of discord, can only perpetuate them in their's. The Democrats only appear fond of France, because the Federalists display attachment to England.

It would be difficult to predict which of the two parties will gain the ascendancy, because the physical strength resides in one, and all the influence of moral causes in the other. The mass of the people is Republican; but in the Aristocratical party are all the large freeholders, rich capitalists, merchants, and especially those who trade with British capitals, the persons interested in the banks and public funds; in short, all the timid men, who prefer the calm of social life to the storms of liberty. It is, besides, under the banners of this party, if ever the government acquires a greater degree of

strength, that all the public agents will range themselves, as well as those who aspire to the same rank; and to these will be added the members of the judiciary body, who seek to judge the people without being subject to its judgment, and also all the conductors of the finance, who seek to squeeze the multitude, without being exposed to its fury. This party has one advantage; it has a determined object: this is, to impose on the Americans something substantial, in the manner that it has already imposed on them the forms of the British constitution; and it struggles to alienate them from France, in order to leave them a prey to the entire influence of England. Those who are of this party, incessantly rail at their government, their institutions, even their habits, and conceive there is nothing excellent but in Europe, and with them the whole of Europe is comprised in the little corner of England.

The other party only sustains itself by its mass, and is guided only by its instinct. These two parties are always at variance, and they will quarrel on, till one has crushed the other or given a master to both.

The Americans of all parties, by their moderation, ought to strive to guard against so fatal an event, and enjoy, as long as they can, that degree of liberty which is compatible with their institutions; but they can never adequately enjoy this degree of freedom, till they agree to be governed by wise and enlightened men; for real liberty can only exist in those places where wise and enlightened men govern the people, and where the people have sufficient good sense to suffer themselves to be governed by them.

At present, the parties in their opinions only agree in one point, which is in the elevated idea they have of themselves and of their nation; for the Americans have hardly less national vanity than the oldest people of Europe. Unable, like the latter, to boast of what they have been, since they have themselves but just made their appearance on the scene of the world, they boast of what they are one day destined to become. In their existence, they neither consider the past or the present; and rending with a bold hand the veil which covers futurity from human eyes, they contemplate afar off brilliant destinies which await them; they fear not the vicissitudes of fortune, and, before hand, point out the period when they are to become the first nation of the world. The best

informed among them, as well as all the rest, already flatter themselves with these illusions; and, with the compass in the hand, they measure their future grandeur by the extent of their vast territory; and seem to be ignorant, that the largest empires of Asia are now scarcely known, whilst the names of Sparta and Athens, which only occupied a small corner of Greece, are still associated with every idea we have of grandeur and glory.

In fact, the several states cannot have the same political opinions, because their interests are opposed. The states bordering on the Atlantic seek to sacrifice every thing to commerce and navigation, without which they could not be able to subsist; and those of the interior wish that every thing should be sacrificed to agriculture, the principal cherisher of nations. The northern states would willingly establish liberty on every side, whilst those of the south seek to maintain slavery among themselves. With such opposite pretensions, the several states can never possess the same public spirit.

The Americans have no more stability in their character than in their opinions.—Each state, nay, almost each district, has different manners; and in these there are none of those general and striking resemblances, which give to the whole people a particular colour and a distinct physiognomy. The people of the United States possess the habits of every other people; but they have hitherto none of their own. The climate alone has modified these habits; but their institutions have not yet blended them. In the northern states the inhabitants are bold and enterprising, inconstant and light in the middle states, and heedless and lazy in those of the south. A Bostonian would go in search of his fortune to the bottom of hell; a Virginian would not go across the road to seek it. An inhabitant of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, can never die content, if, during his life time, he has not changed his profession three or four times.

In traversing the United States from north to south, as far as the Hudson, we find English manners, and frequently with the same stiffness that distinguishes them in the north of Scotland; but this stiffness disappears between the Hudson and the Potomac, and particularly in Pennsylvania and Maryland, where the Germans, Irish, and even the French, have introduced into English manners a thousand dif-

ferent shades. It is not till we reach the other side of Potomac, that these manners, strongly tintured with those of the West Indies, appear entirely changed; and whether it is that this change is derived from the influence of the climate, or of negro slavery, it is not the less sensible in every usage of life. There, trade is entirely given up to foreigners, and agriculture abandoned to slaves, whilst the proprietor, under the stately name of planter, attends to nothing but his pleasures. The life of this proud being is a continued scene of indolence and dissipation. Horse-races and cock-fights are his favourite diversions, and all the time he does not employ in these noisy amusements, he passes round a table, either gaming or drinking. He thinks he is under no obligation to work, because his slaves work for him.

But in the interior of the country, and on the other side of the Alleghanys, men are to be met with more laborious and of more simple manners; and notwithstanding this simplicity has been changed in some districts by the perpetual mixtures of new settlers with the old ones, manners are there generally more pure than in the other parts of the United States.

A residence in the United States can never be pleasing to rich men, bred up in good society, nor men of science deprived of the gifts of fortune; which uniformly gives to foreigners so many prejudices against the country. But, even for those who arrive in the United States with the most simple habits and taste, society has there none of those pleasures it every where else possesses; and the European, who is condemned to live there, ought to seek in his duties, or in the bosom of his family, the whole of his pleasures. A person lives there in almost as isolated a manner as in Turkey; as if these two countries, which differ from each other in so many points, should be destined to be alike in this particular one.

Not that among the rich class of citizens there are no assemblies; yet these have only for object, among the women to drink tea, and among the men, to drink wine and other liquors. The conversation of the latter generally hinges on politics, or purchases which some propose and others accept; for the American never loses an opportunity of enriching himself. Gain is the subject of all his discourse, and the lever of all his actions; so that there is scarcely a civilized country in the world, in which there is less gene-

rosity of sentiment, less elevation of soul, and less of those soft and brilliant illusions which constitute the charm or the consolation of life. There a man weighs every thing, calculates all, and sacrifices all to his own interest. He lives only in himself, and for himself, and regards all disinterested acts as so many follies, contemns all talents that are purely agreeable, appears estranged to every idea of heroism and of glory, and in history beholds nothing but the romance of nations.

Virtue has always been considered as the principle, or the chief spring of all republics; but that of the American republic seems to be an unbounded love of money.

No permanent bond founded on commercial and political interests, can ever be established between the nations of Europe and the United States of America.

But even if the nations of Europe wished to form an alliance with the Americans for temporary considerations, the latter would not be disposed to do it, because their views and interests are at variance.

Separated from Europe by their position, the Americans seek to separate themselves still more by their affections; and they avoid alliance with European powers, in order not to be dragged into their vortex. Neither the glory of the one nor the services of the other, seem to make an impression upon them: their only desire is to remain neutral among all, that they may avail themselves of their quarrels, and enrich themselves by their misfortunes. Like the ship-owners of the Barbary coast, the Americans conceive they can only prosper but when the whole of Europe is on fire; and Europeans, who have lived thirty years among them, have attested that they never saw them more joyful, than on the day when the bombardment of Cadiz and the destruction of Copenhagen were announced on the exchanges of some of their principal cities. These unhappy beings rejoiced in the disasters of Europe, without reflecting that the thunder which consumed our most flourishing cities, was one day to fall on their's.

LORD CLARENDON'S CHARACTER OF THE PATRIOT HAMPDEN.

THE following portrait of Hampden is drawn by the great Lord Clarendon, and is preserved in his own hand writing, among the papers of Bishop Spratt, which were presented to the British

Museum, in 1759, by David Mallet, Esq.:—

'He was born to a fair fortune, of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he allowed himself in sports, exercise, and company, which are used by other men of the most jolly conversation, but sometimes he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, still preserving his natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men.'

'He carried himself with temper and modesty. His reputation of honesty was *universal*, and his affections seemed to be so publicly guided, as if no corrupt or private ends could bias them; he was of that affability of temper in debate, and of that *seeming* humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion of his own with him, but a desire of information and instruction, yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his own objections, that he often infused his own opinions into those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them, and even *with those who preserved themselves from his infusions*, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him which they *could not comply with*, he always left the character of an *ingenious* and conscientious man. He was indeed a wise man, and of good parts; and possessed of the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people. In the Parliament, he * *seemed* rather to moderate and soften violent humours than to inflame, so far disguising his own designs, that he seldom seemed to wish more than was concluded, and if any thing unreasonable was proposed, when he found it backed by a majority of votes, he withdrew himself before the question. He was very temperate in his diet, and a supreme governor over his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over all other men's.'

'He was, of industry and vigilance, not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts, not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to those parts he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any design.'

Note. On the back of this paper is a passage from Cicero's *Oratio pro Cæsar*.

* The words seeming and seemed are interlined, and appear to have been added after the portrait was written.

lio, § 5, beginning, Habuit enim ille, and ending hujus imperii tam sceleratus impe [tus], and this title at the top, Catalina.

Original Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

AGAIN the hour may haply come,
The moments quietly chase each other,—
When I shall welcome thee to home,
As holy pilgrim meets a brother;
And then thou'l doff thy hat and shoon,
The sparkling bowl shall cheerily
Go round, and e'en the paly moon
Shall set, and day break wearily,
By far too soon. H. A.

THE ROBIN.

THE robin hath come to his winter seat,
And begun his winter song,—
The gloomy day he sits and sings,
My stay shall be late and long;
For I love the garden so bleak and bare,
The ivy through ice that creeps,
And sweet is the tear I sit and shed
While November o'er me sweeps;
Deep in the snow the berry's hid,
The frost hath nipt the green,—
Where the golden blossom cluster'd
The icicle is seen.
To the city-window I come, and eye
The happy inmates round;
But if a crumb I cannot spy,
I quit th' unhallowed ground.
The forest hath shook his ample lap,
The hamlet look'd for me,—
All day I'll sing to thank them,
On the wither'd hawthorn tree.
Deep in the snow the berry's hid,
The frost hath nipt the green,
Where the golden blossom cluster'd
The icicle is seen. MAC.

SONG.

WHEN in the glimmer of night, love,
The minstrel lifts his arm,
And sweeps the notes,
The melody floats
O'er the soul like the midnight charm
Of a spirit rob'd in white, love.
Then come from thy castle hall, love,
To the dell by the border lake,—
'Tis a fairy haunt,—
And list to the chaunt
That the echoes cheerily make
In the cave where the wild notes fall, love.
July 16th, 1821. H. A.

MY DARLING MAID.

WHERE is the maid of beaming eye?
In what far distant glade
Doth beauty's queen sequester'd lie,
My own, my darling maid?
O! hasten to becalm my soul,
And quit retirement's shade;
Thy presence can my grief console,
My own, my darling maid!
If e'er I try my voice in song,
Or poesy call to aid,
Thy name still trembles on my tongue,
My own, my darling maid!

And tho' beguil'd by present charms,
My heart ere while hath stray'd,
Still fancy brings thee to my arms,
My own, my darling maid!

And, oh! if prayer avail on high,
By fervent lovers made,
Naught shall call forth from thee a sigh,
My own, my darling maid!
But life continuance be of bliss,
And when 'neath tombstone laid,
Thou'l seek a heaven above for this,
My own, my darling maid!

26th Aug. 1821. * * M.

TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS.

CARM. LXX.

My girl says,—she'd with no one rather wed
Than me—if Jove himself should seek her bed;
She says so: but what woman says, should be
Traced in the wind, or written on the sea.

5th Sept. 1821. * * M.

MAY.—A SONG.

TUNE—‘The Birks of Invermay.’

THE balmy breath of blooming May
Makes all our hills and valleys gay;
Young Flora decks our rosy bowers
With gay ambrosia breathing flowers,—
The warbling songsters of the grove
So sweetly chaunt their voice of love,
And wake to melody each spray,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

Bright Phœbus sheds his amber dew,
All nature brightens at the view;
The fields and forests all are green,
And naught but love and joy is seen.
The lowing kine and bleating flocks
Blythe wander o'er our glens and rocks;
And kids and lambkins sport and play,
To hail the lusty blooming May!

The primrose and the daisy spring,
And o'er the mead sweet fragrance fling,—
The lily smiles with maiden air,
And roses bud upon the briar,—
The yellow broom is fair to view,
And humble vi'let's darkly blue;
And snow, while hawthorn's blossoms gay,
Perfume the breath of gentle May!

When smiling Morning lifts her eye,
And paints with gold the glowing sky,
Behold the rose-complexion'd lass,
Light tripping o'er the tender grass,
Along the dew-bespangl'd dale,
So gaily with her milking pail;
How sweet she sings her artless lay,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

Then, dear Eliza, let us go
Where Calder's winding streamlets flow
Their shining pebbly beds along,
And listen to the *maris'* song;
There, all beneath the birken boughs,
I'll gather flowers to deck thy brows,
And talk of love the live-long day,
Among the sweets of blooming May!

We'll kiss and toy, and toy and kiss,
And take our full of heavenly bliss,
Nor envy all the pomp and state
Attendant on the proud and great;
Upon a bed by nature dress'd,
I'll fondly clasp thee to my breast,
'And in soft raptures melt away,'
Among the blooming sweets of May!

Sloane Street, 5th Aug. 1821.

D. M.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Monday night restored to this house two great favourites, Miss Kelly and Mr. Harley, and with them some relief to the monotony which has long pervaded the performances; though their talents might have been more prominently and more appropriately devoted, than to the excellent but stale farce of the *Weather-cock*. The first piece was the *Dramatist*, in which Mr. Elliston's performance was Vapid, and only reminded us of ‘days of auld lang syne,’ when this gentleman's delineation of the character was natural, forcible, and spirited. We do not mean to say that, even now, Vapid could have a better representative, but the Mr. Elliston of to-day is not the Mr. Elliston of ten or fifteen years ago. Miss Kelly, on her entrance in the farce, was greeted most cordially and enthusiastically; and the manner in which she personated the various characters which Variella assumes, received the strongest testimonies of applause; evidence which should induce the manager to let her appear often, and in that lofty walk in the drama which her talents demand. Harley is a very amusing Tristram Fickle, though he caricatures the portrait somewhat too much. The *Coronation* is still crowned with success. When shall we be able to say of it, *Finis coronat opus?*

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Exile* seems likely to banish, (we speak not punningly,) every other drama from this house for some time; and with all our prejudices against mere spectacle, and our regret at its elevation above the regular drama, we confess ourselves seduced, against our better reason, into admiration of the splendid pageantry of the procession and Russian coronation. The drama is above those in which spectacle is usually the principal object; and the actors are so decidedly superior, that it is impossible the play should not be attractive. The character of Daran, though loaded with passages which nearly approach bombast, affords Mr. Young many opportunities, which he well knows how to make the most of; and in some particular parts on Wednesday night, he was honoured with three distinct rounds of applause, by a crowded audience. Mrs. Tennant, who, we learn, was transplanted to these boards from the Adelphi Theatre, is a lively clever actress, and, could she overcome her timidity, would appear to much greater

advantage. Her voice is pleasing, but not powerful, and it appears best suited to ballad airs, in the execution of which, simplicity and sweetness, rather than science and power, are required; hence it will be said, that the part of Katherine was not well adapted to her talents. She was, however, very successful in several of the airs, particularly in that of ‘The Monkey that had seen the World.’ Farren, as the Governor, is highly amusing; and he dances and bustles through the character with as much agility as an old military officer ought to be expected to muster. Liston, in the Baron Altradröff, had little to do, excepting singing a comic song in the Italian style, which he burlesqued with inimitable drollery.

A new farce is in rehearsal, of which green-room report speaks favourably; it is in the afterpieces alone that we must now look for any novelty, for some time.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A bold and new experiment has been made at this house in the present season, that of keeping it open without the aid of the performers of the two large theatres, on which they had always before depended. This experiment became absolutely necessary; since the season of a winter theatre now lasts the whole year. The experiment, we rejoice to say, has been completely successful, and the Haymarket Theatre boldly competes with its more powerful rivals, for a share of the public patronage. It competes too, on the most noble grounds, and taking its stand on the legitimate drama, redeems the character of the age, by showing that it still possesses no inconsiderable share of admirers.

Mrs. Inchbald's excellent comedy of *Every one has his Fault*, was played with much effect, until its success was arrested by a still greater novelty, the introduction of a young lady, as Captain Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, which was played on Tuesday night, in a manner that is likely to ensure it many repetitions.

It is curious to mark the changes which time brings about. There was a period when the female characters in the *Beggar's Opera* were played by men, and when Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit could not appear before the audience without being clean shaved; the sexes afterwards assumed their proper characters; but now we have passed to the other extreme, and female Macheaths are all the rage. The

young lady who ventured to ‘enact more than a woman,’ and to appear as the hero of the highway, is, we understand, from the Bristol Theatre, and her name is Blake. As an accident prevented us from attending the theatre on the first night of the performance, we quote an account of her *debut* from the *Times* newspaper, the correctness of which, so far as regards the lady's talents, we have since verified.— ‘She is, in stature, rather beneath the ordinary height of woman, and, so far as her dress allowed us to form a judgment, she appears to be rather inclined to the *embonpoint*. Her features are soft and pleasing, but not remarkable for expression. The songs of Macheath embrace a greater variety of style, and require a greater variety of power for their execution, than those of almost any other character in English opera. They are old popular airs, the works of different individuals, arranged and harmonized for the opera by Dr. Pepusch, whose music, if we except the cantata “See from the silent grove,” is very seldom performed. To execute, with effect, Macheath's varied strains, requires a voice of the finest quality, and a sound judgment to direct and guide it; mellowness and depth in the lower tones, easiness of transition to the higher, and in these combined power and sweetness. Miss Blake boasts some of these requisites, but not all of them. Her voice is a *contra alto*, deep, flexible, and rich, where depth of tone is demanded; but when a piano key is required, it becomes harsh, though it still manifests power. We speak here of Miss Blake's natural upper notes, we leave *falsestet* out of the question, for her efforts to get into that key were wholly unsuccessful, and her deficiency in this respect prevented her from bestowing on some of her cadences that graceful finish of which the music was susceptible. Her style of singing is extremely simple. She rarely aims at ornament; but, when she does, she shows that her taste, if not very highly cultivated, has been by no means neglected. The peculiar depth of her voice was even more remarkable when she spoke, than when she exerted her vocal powers. It reminded us of a youth approaching the verge of manhood, and so far rendered the performance more pleasing than it would have been had the “shril treble” predominated. Miss Blake's execution of the greatly admired air, “When the heart of a man,” was spirited, but the defect in her upper voice

detracted considerably from the passage, 'Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly.' Her best solo was "The charge is prepared," which she sang with great feeling. The adieu to Lucy and Polly was natural and impressive. The whole of the "medley" in the last scene, particularly the passage "If thus a man can die," was executed in a very satisfactory manner by Miss Blake. This may be ranked amongst the most trying parts of the performance, and Miss Blake appeared to have directed her particular attention to it. The trio, "Hark! hark! I hear the sound of the bell," which ensues, was exceedingly well sung; and we consider Miss Blake's portion of it as decidedly her finest effort. The shake with which she terminated her cadence, low, firm, and distinct, astonished the audience. Several of this young lady's songs were *encored*, and her general reception must have fully satisfied her hopes and wishes, however sanguine they might have been.'

We heard the young lady on Wednesday night, and must remark, that as to the *falsetto*, in which the critic of the 'Times' states her to have been unsuccessful, it was impossible to judge, as she laboured under a severe cold, and her performance (though not the vocal part of it) was much interrupted by coughing. This must be a great disadvantage to any one, and when we consider that the numerous *encores* made her task double, we should have excused a partial failure, had there been such in a single song, which, however, was not the case. The acting of Miss Blake is far superior to vocalists generally; and though she played the character with much spirit, yet she shaded the broad outline with such delicate and ingenious playfulness, that she never 'o'erstepped the modesty of nature.' The chasteness may be extended to her dress, for we never saw a lady so appropriately and modestly clad in man's attire. Miss R. Corri is a most captivating Polly, and gave the beautiful airs of this opera most delightfully. She was *encored* in all the principal songs. Mrs. Jones, who has a good honest Welsh face, played Lucy Lockit extremely well, both in singing and acting. Terry's Peachum was excellent; and Williams did Lockit pretty well. We believe Mr. J. Russell to be a very respectable man, but if he had passed all his life in very bad company, he could not have played Filch better; it was decidedly the best personation of the cha-

racter we ever witnessed. The other characters were generally very well sustained; the costume, from the Captain down to 'Crook-fingered Jack' and 'Nimming Ned,' was very appropriate. The house was crowded.

Previous to the opera, the farce of the *Spoiled Child* was represented, in which Tayleure played Tag, and rendered the scene with Miss Pickle more amusing than we ever saw it. The burlesque was superlative. Mrs. Baker, a very promising young actress, with as much vivacity as any lady, either single or married, played little Pickle charmingly. We ought also to say a word in favour of the gentleman whom we presume to be her husband, Mr. Baker, who, on Monday night, during the absence of Mr. Conway, undertook, at the instant, the part of Mr. Irwin, in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, and played it very well.

SURRY THEATRE.—We are sure our friends on the Surry side of the metropolis will be glad to hear that Mr. Dibdin has not suffered himself and his theatre to be idle during the autumn, but that he will 'keep open house' for six weeks previous to his Christmas arrangements. As this was not in contemplation when the summer season closed, some of his performers have got other engagements; he has, however, mustered a good company, and opened, in his usual style, with entire novelty. The evening's entertainments comprised a comic dance, called *Valentine's Day*; a melodramatic romance, called the *Duke's Bride, or the Ruins of the Forest*; a new burletta, founded on one of Kotzebue's dramas, and entitled the *Veterans, or the Comodore and the Colonel*, and a farcical pantomime. In the *Veterans*, which is a very interesting drama, and admirably performed, a young lady of the name of Dighton, and who, we believe, is a pupil of Lanza's, made her *debut*. She possesses a fine person, an expressive countenance, and a very engaging voice. She sang a parody on 'If e'er the cruel tyrant Love,' unaccompanied by music, with much sweetness, and was *encored*. Her diffidence, however, was so extreme, that in acting she was often inaudible, notwithstanding the cheering encouragement which the audience afforded her. So far as we are able to judge, she is a lady of very considerable promise. A Mr. Foster, from the Bath stage, executed some songs in good style. Mr. Herring, (an old favourite,) and Mr. Salter, from the English Opera House.

also appeared in the same piece. The whole of the performances were received with much applause, and from the arrangements which Mr. Dibdin has made, we doubt not of his having a successful season.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new melodramatic burletta was produced at this house on Monday night, entitled the *Corsair's Bride*. It is, we believe, founded on the tale of Giovanni Sborgaro, but if so, has undergone much alteration in adapting it to the stage. The drama contains some striking situations, and, with the aid of beautiful scenery and much good acting, is a very attractive performance.

Literature and Science.

Proposals are circulating for publishing a Picturesque Promenade round Dorking; including a variety of original and interesting matter, and accompanied with biographical notices and well-authenticated facts, connected with subjects of cotemporary interest.

Mr. Mills's Elements of the Science of Political Economy; The Synopsis of British Molusca, by William Elford Leach, M. D.; and Mr. Samuel Frederick Gray's 'Natural Arrangement of British Plants,' are nearly ready for publication.

Ancient MSS.—M. Maio still continues to be successful in his search after lost works of ancient writers; he has lately found several parts of the books of Polybius, Diodorus, Dion Cassius, some fragments of Aristotle of Ephorus, of Timeus, of Hyperides, of Demetrius, of Phalaris, &c., some parts of the unknown writings of Eunapius, Menander of Byzantium, Prescius, and of Peter the Protector.

The Cambro-Briton.—The admirers of the ancient literature of WALES, and of the Celtic Nations generally, will be pleased to hear, that the above popular work, devoted especially to its cultivation, will immediately be resumed, under the superintendance of the original Editor. It will appear, as before, monthly, and at the former price of 1s. 6d. each number, but upon an enlarged scale, calculated to admit of considerable improvements in the plan of the work. No. 23 will be published on the 1st of November, by SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street, to whom Communications to the Editor, free of postage, are requested to be addressed.

Mr. Gill, for many years one of the Chairmen of the Committee of Mechanics, in the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi, assisted by a circle of mechanical friends, is preparing for publication, a technical repository of practical information, on subjects connected with the daily improvements and new discoveries in the useful arts.

The Rev. H. Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington, is about to publish 'The Resurrection of Lazarus,' in a course of sermons, from the French of Beau-sobre.

Statuary Marble.—Some remarkably fine statuary and other marble quarries have lately been discovered at Scravazza, in Tuscany, much superior to any thing of the kind at Coanara, which threaten to rival and lower the pride of the latter-mentioned place. His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany gives great encouragement and protection both to commerce and the fine arts within his dominions.

The Bee.

'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'

LUCRETIUS.

Old Maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, 'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'she has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'she is cut for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an 'old maid.'

In an auctioneer's catalogue, printed at Bath, during the present year, we find the following articles enumerated: 'Œuvre's Works' and a 'Musical stool!!' The auctioneer does not, however, state how many tunes it plays.

The Number XIV.—Amongst the valuable fruits of the labours of those who waste their time in searching for curious coincidences, we find the discovery of the influence possessed by

the number XIV., over all the affairs of Henry IV. of France. He was born fourteen centuries, fourteen decades, and fourteen years after Christ; he came into the world on the 14th of December, and quitted it for a better on the 14th of May; there are fourteen letters in his name (*Henri de Bourbon*), and he lived four times fourteen years, fourteen weeks, and fourteen days.—Louis the Thirteenth was equally entangled with the number XIII.; he had thirteen letters in his name—so had Ann d'Autriche, to whom he was married; the marriage was concluded on when he was thirteen years of age; he was the thirteenth Lewis of France, she, the thirteenth Infanta of her name in the Royal House of Spain, and both of them were born the same month and the same year. The historian who recorded these singular facts, does not inform us, whether either of them died in consequence of making the thirteenth at table.

Excessive Fondness of Dress.—Elizabeth of Russia resembled her namesake, Queen of England, in self-idolatry; and both lavished on their own persons every adventitious aid to native charms. Our Elizabeth was said to possess a habit for every day in the year, and she varied its form and decoration to three hundred and sixty-five inventions of excursive fancy. A thick quarto volume was filled with a simple detail of wardrobe appertaining to Elizabeth of Russia. This mania has not been confined to the fair sex. When Dresden fell into the hands of Prussia, during the seven years war, the Saxon Minister, Count Buhd, afforded the visitors a spoil of 800 pair of boots, which Frederic ordered should be distributed to his guards.—1200 wigs, which had sat in turn upon the lofty brow of the statesman, were thrown in a heap upon the floor of the public stone, to be sold; and it was whispered that many hundred dozens of shirts, silk stockings, and laced cravats, with every species of masculine finery, had been sent to different marts and converted into cash for the royal treasury.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'LIFE,' Chap. IV. the 'Serenade' by H. A. 'Origin of Chess,' 'Sonnets,' 'the Evening Prayer,' 'For Ever,' and 'Lines to the Memory of a Cousin,' in our next.

We are sorry that Mary Ann C., who states herself to be 'aged thirteen years,' does not employ her infant muse better than in eulogizing a female 'who is spoken of as being rather

too amorously inclined.' Indecency does not become any age, much less that of childhood.

We thank E. G. B. for his hint.

We should feel happy in seconding the laudable efforts of 'Humanitas,' but the best organ is that he has already adopted—the daily journals.

Advertisements.

This day is published, 3 vols 12mo. 15s. bds. **DE RENZEY; or, THE MAN of SORROW.** By R. N. KELLY, Esq.

London: Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court; J. CUMMINS, Dublin; and BELL and BRADFUTE, Edinburgh.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. boards, **MINSTREL-LOVE,** from the German of the Author of Undine.

By GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

London: Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street. Of whom may be had,

UNDINE; or, the SPIRIT of the WATERS. Translated from the German of the Baron de la Motte Fonque, 5s. 6d. boards.

Just published, continued to the King's return from Ireland, with a New Head (engraved by Heath) of Dr. Goldsmith, price 6s. boards, the 17th edition of

PINNOCK'S IMPROVED EDITION of DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Death of George the Second; with a Continuation to the Reign of George the Fourth; with a Classical and Modern Map, Questions for Examination, Copious Notes, &c.

We consider this to be one of the most complete Books of the kind for Education that has ever issued from the press, and the improvements so copious as to merit a distinct eulogium. The Editors deserve every praise for the pains and labour they have bestowed in perfecting the publication.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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PINNOCK'S IMPROVED EDITIONS of DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORIES of GREECE and ROME, with numerous Additions and Improvements; on the plan of the History of England. 12mo. Price 5s. 6d. each.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. VIII., published 1st November, will contain—1. Howell's Familiar Letters.—2. Ferdusi's Shah Nameh, Persian MS.—3. Gaule's Distractions, or the Holy Madness.—4. Chalkhills' (Isaac Walton) Thealma and Clearchus.—5. History of the Knights Templars.—6. Robert Southwell's Works.—7. Memoirs of Gaudentiodi Lucca.—8. Bacon's Novum Organum.—9. George Chapman's Dramatic Works.—10. The Juice of the Grape.

Published by C. and H. BALDWIN, Newgate Street; and R. TRIPHOOK, Old Bond Street.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationer's Court; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapnel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bond Street, Carey Street.